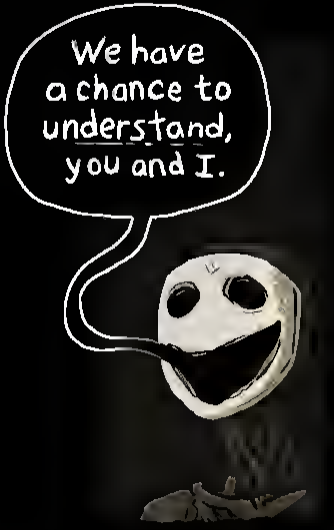
THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BEN FLEUTER


We have a chance to understand, you and I.

But you'd RUIN it!
You petulant CHILD! I could help you!
I don't want your freakin' help, corpse!

Don't push yourself, Fall. These things are slow and brittle.

They're only shades cast by the real Visage. Meant to wear us down

...or... or to distract us.

"Arthur looks over his father's grave."

I could cut you free!

Free from this cycle of murder and rebirth!

I've got it! Broughton's urn!

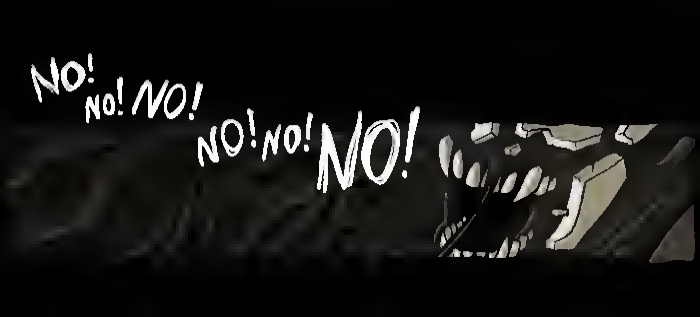
Hhhhh!
Watch out!

Cover me!
You got it!

NO.

Karl
Banks!

By the words of Hector Broughton, by the graves of Sage and Arthur, I bind you!


NO!
No! NO!
NO! NO! NO!

THESE HALLS ARE MINE!!
YOU HAVE NO POWER HERE!